Annabel W. Hopkins

The TOWER

Literary Magazine *of* Alabama College

Volume 3
Number 3
September,
1934

General Staff

Lena Clare Shackelford.....Editor

Grace Lane Ruby Lee Livings

Vida Lenoy Reeves

Class of 1937 Staff

Dinkey Sankey.....Editor

Elizabeth Griswold Helen Austin

The Tower

Alabama College

Montevallo, Ala.

Class of '37 Issue

ONE TREE WITHIN A FIELD

A windswept branch, a curve of living brown,
The lone reminder of the mighty forests,
One tree yet stands upon the plowed ground,
Still left untouched despite the many harvests.
The plowman passed that tree but let it stand
Because somewhere within his simple soul
An urge was born, a faint voice, a command
That forced his hands to leave that one tree whole.
So here within our own sane hearts is found,
Unspoken, absurd, just one lone idea or care,
A thought at which the world would frown—
Yet something in our soul wants it there.
No matter how absurd or against our will
Our hearts encourage this thought to live on still.

—Aeolian McRee

A POEM

Like far-flung pennants on a drab, gray wall
Flecking with color the long monotony of routine—
Our Hopes—and Anticipations.

—Dinkey Sankey

FORWARD, MARCH

March, the Court Jester, is wildly exuberant,
Skittishly, kiddishly, foolishly jubilant.
Here he comes snatching the hats from our heads,
Painting our noses in various reds,
Waking the daffodils, sleepy and shy,
Kissing them, whispering "Howdy"—"Goodbye"
Now he comes tiptoe, twinkling his eyes,
Slips up behind us and yodels "Surprise!"
He's quite a musician and on the bare limbs
Plays haunting blue melodies—sometimes they're hymns,
Mostly they're two-steps and waltzes and "toddles"
A very good tonic to thaw mollycoddles.
He swipes the town-crier's deep-clanging bell
And rattles and clatters it—never a knell.
O why is he happy? and tickled pea green
King Winter is dead! Long live the Queen!

—Dinkey Sankey

WISTARIA

Behold, Wistaria!
The elfin guards
That nod their heads to all
Who pass beneath them through the arch
Behold!

—Elizabeth Griswold

DUST

Aeolian McRee

Dust covers the ancient fireplace and softens with gray fingers the redness of a forgotten candle. It sinks down, a gray cover, to disguise the faded cushions. After many years we chance to return to this deserted room and glimpse once more these vaguely familiar objects. We are amazed because they are coated with that dark grayness of neglect. We do not realize our partiality; for man buries only that which he loves, while nature buries all that man has forgotten—with dust.

FLUMBIE FUMBLEWOPPER

(For Children Only)

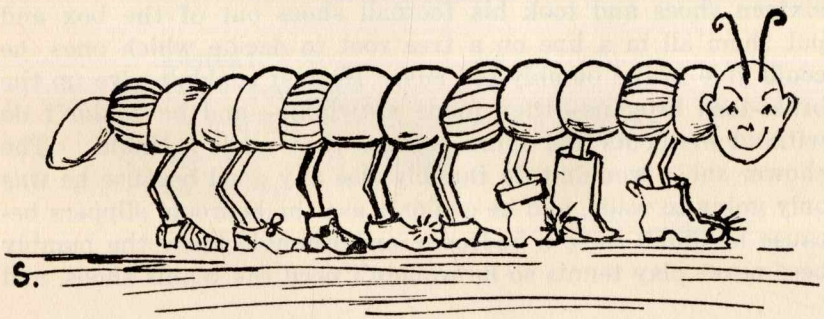
by Dinkey Sankey

Flumbie Fumblewopper was a centipede, and he was jointed in round blue and yellow-red joints with a striped one every few minutes, and he walked on sixteen jointed legs. Sometimes he ran, and sometimes he walked, and on his birthday he always played hop-scotch down the street on his sixteen jointed legs.

Now Flumbie didn't have much money and he couldn't buy sixteen shoes just alike, and he didn't want to anyway, because who wants to wear sixteen shoes just alike? So all his friends gave him shoes for Christmas and birthdays instead of gloves, and books, and candy, and collar buttons, and ribbons, and sandwiches. So Flumbie never got tired of putting on his shoes, because they were all different, and sometimes he put one pair in front, and next time he put another pair in front, so he always looked different and didn't have to wait til Sunday or Big Sister's wedding to wear his new Roman Sandals.

During the week Flumbie nearly always wore his brass-toed brogans in front, and he polished the brass with mulberry leaves and dewdrops till they shone in the sun and looked like little headlights as they twinkled along. On his second feet he wore high-heeled riding boots because the spurs on them rang like bells on the pebbles and he could hear them ting! ting! by his ear.

And on the third feet Flumbie wore goloshes and they had zippers made of spider webs—Flumbie's mother gave them to him to keep him from getting his feet wet and a cold in his head.



September, 1934

Now on the fourth feet he wore a pair of pink and white shower-shoes and they squshed along when he walked and made him think he was going swimming in the pan of drinking water for the chickens. Next behind the shower-shoes that squshed came two big floppy bedroom slippers with pompoms on the toes and the heel was off one of them so that one foot went down and the other went up as Flumbie walked.

The sixth pair of feet always wanted to get ahead of the fifth because they had tennis shoes on, and on the tennis shoes were painted little wings that wanted to fly.

On the next-to-the-last-feet were oxfords with blue silk shoestrings and they walked along as if they were ashamed to be behind the tennis shoes.

On the very last of the feet there were some sandals—just straps and strips to hold them up, and strips and straps to hold them down—and they squeeked and skreeked at the oxfords to hurry along and not be so slow.

But one day, just like any other day, Flumbie's aunt from Honolulu sent him a pair of football shoes with cleats on the bottoms, and he worried, and cried, and sighed, and wondered which pair of shoes to throw away so he could wear his new ones.

He thought, and thought, and wondered, and wondered, and he got so many wrinkles on his forehead from worrying that he looked like a crinkled bedspread—and still he couldn't decide what to do. But along came a big buzzy bumble-bee boy who was crying, and wiping his eyes on his handkerchief, because his mother would spank him for getting his feet wet in honey—and he asked Flumbie to please Ma'am lend him some shoes so he wouldn't get his feet wet anymore. So Flumbie took off all his sixteen shoes and took his football shoes out of the box and put them all in a line on a tree root to decide which ones he could give to the bumbly-bee boy. He just couldn't give up the brass-toed brogans—they made a twinkle—and he couldn't do without his boots and spurs because they made a tinkle. The shower shoes wouldn't do Bumbly Bee any good because he was only going to wade, and he couldn't use the bedroom slippers because he didn't have a bedroom, and Flumbie knew the bumbly bees never play tennis so he wouldn't need the tennis shoes, and

besides Bumbly already had wings of his own, and the oxfords wouldn't do because the blue strings would fade in the honey and make it blue instead of yellow, and the sandals wouldn't keep anybody's feet dry—So!—he decided to give the bumbly bee boy his goloshes so his feet wouldn't get wet. And Flumbie put his football shoes on his third feet and went tinkling and twinkling down the street to write his aunt in Honolulu to thank her for sending them to him.

STILL SUMMER'S NIGHT

Above me rolls a marble moon
Across a cold, glass sky;
Beside me, over a panting world,
The stinging winds ride high,

About me, lunar calcimine,
Strewn thick upon the ground,
Piques me with its coolishness
As I by heat am bound.

Beneath, repellant to my tread,
The earth, sterile and white;
Inside, my heart cries thirstily;
And the world bites back tonight!

—Reba Kilpatrick

CINQUAIN

Listen!
Don't you hear,
More quiet than the echo of a thought,
The first faint whisper
Of spring?

—Anise Johnson

BOBBY GOES TO FAIRYLAND

Anise Johnson

One summer day, one hot, hot day,
As Bobby lay by the edge of a brook,
Resting after a savage attack
Where he ten prisoners took—

He felt a touch as soft, as light,
Just brush the tip of his ear,
And a silvery voice called "Hi, there!"
So faintly he could barely hear—

And there on his shoulder—what do you s'pose?
A slim little fairy sat—
With feathery wings, and pointed ears,
And a rose-petal for a hat.

It wore a suit of cobwebs light,
And it carried a long silk thread
Which, in a twinkling, it had wound
'Round Bobby from toe to head!

Then it grabbed him by the hand,
And together they flew away
To the land of magic and gaity
Where elves and goblins play.

And his tiny guide showed him around
The gardens, the stables, and all—
Where chipmunks stamped and snorted
In a flower-decorated stall!

Then it harnessed a snail to a leaf
To take him for a ride—
And spreading its wings, swift and light,
It flew along beside!

Next they went to Candy Park,
And how his eyes did shine!

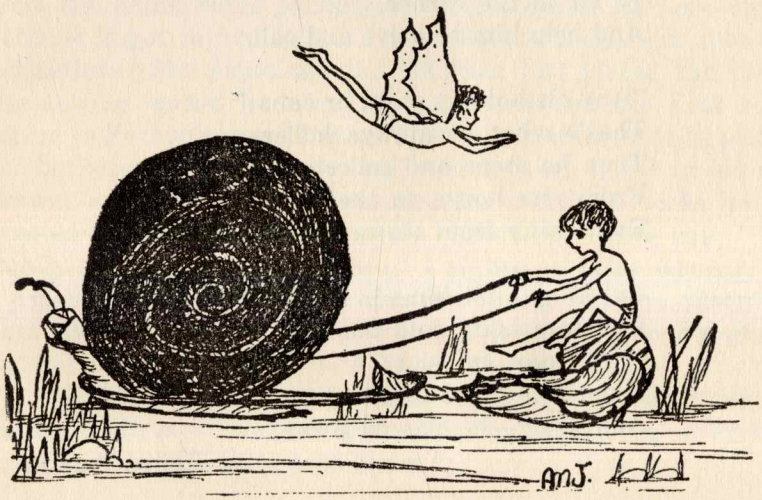
The trees were all of peppermint,
A popcorn string was a vine.

There was a brook of lemonade
Sparkling and cool—Oh, so nice!
Edged with rushes of cheese straws tall,
And spanned with bridges of ice!

The fences were all of chewing gum,
And marshmallows were the gates,
And far away in the distance
Were mountains of figs and dates.

But best of all, right up ahead,
Were fields of pink ice cream,
Where dozens of fairies were skiing about
On snowshoes of woven dreams!

Then something grabbed him by the arm,
And someone shouted "Hey!"
And Bobbie woke up to find his Dad
Calling him in from play!



But even if it was a dream,
Bobby could never forget
The wide, long fields of pink ice cream,
And his fairy usherette!

TONY

Tony's a fav'rite of all us kids
'Cause he lets us ride wid him;
And he's big and dirty,
And not very purty,
And has an ole hoss named Jim.

His clothes is ragged and dirty and torn,
But Tony he don't mind;
Cause he's a he-man,
He's the junk man,
And all of us know he's kind.

When I ride along the streets wid him,
I sit up straight and tall;
'Cause it's a big honor,
To sit in the corner,
And help him to drive and call.

"Any ole bottles, rags, or cans!"
That's what he always hollers:
Then he stops and collects,
From one house to the next,
Ev'rything from tin cans to ole collars.

But Tony ain't come in a long, long time,
And somebody said one day,
That Tony got sick,
From some'n to drink,
And Tony—he passed away.

—Helen Austin

USEFUL MAXIM

Elizabeth Griswold

My mind is made up. I have come to the conclusion that all of us are doomed to utter at some time and in some form, modified or amplified, those practical and useful expressions that date back for several generations and have been so carefully preserved and handed down to posterity. Yes, that is my conclusion; for well do I remember the favorite expression my grandmother handed down to my mother—"Everything in this house gets in my way until I have need for it." And just the other day I found myself uttering something similar.

Swimming season had just begun, and on a moment's notice I was invited to join a swimming party. I made a grand dive into my suit and a great dash for my cap. I knew without a doubt that I could run my hand under all the old hibernated clothes and pull the slick white cap from the bottom of the old trunk. I distinctly remembered seeing it last week when I was looking for a red sash to go with my pirate costume for the masquerade; and wasn't that cap the only thing I could get my hands on when I was looking for my last summer flannel skirt?

I called Mother into conference. She had removed the cap from the trunk while packing down the winter clothes—simply because it got in her way. I next took Grandmother into consideration. She explained that Mother had placed the cap in her sewing basket and that now I would find the **Lost** somewhere in Father's room. Father hastily explained that he pitched the bothersome thing in the hall just because it got in his sock drawer and every time he reached for a pair of socks he was greeted by the coldness of a white rubber swimming cap. "The family circle must be complete," I sighed in utter despair, and I dragged little brother into the room. He grinned sheepishly that the ol' thing got in his way and he gave it to his girl to get her to go swimming with him yesterday.

"Well, Grandma, I gasped, "I think I'll change your old saying a little—"Everything in this house gets in everybody elses' way until I have need for it."

September, 1934

GIPSY SALE

Today my thoughts I barter
As a gipsy barters
Rings and gaudy shawls.

Today I belong to the crowd,
Sharing my secrets,
Tossing my dreams abroad.

Tonight I shall stand on the brink of a void
To watch my thoughts and dreams.
They swirl like frenzied fireflies.
Their swirling radiance wakes me,
And I cannot face
Tomorrow.

—Marjorie Walton

MARCH

March
Is a swashbuckling vagabond
Who strides up the road with glee,
Shouting his wild joy to all,
Impetuously.

—Octavia Collins

CINQUAIN

The moon
Is like a dark-robed nun
Telling the immeasurable ages
On her far-flung rosary
Of stars . . . .

—Anise Johnson

CINQUAIN

Remorse
Is a still, dark corridor,
Among whose silent vaults
Hang, in ghostly outline,
The black bats of our thoughts. .

—Anise Johnson

MONTEVALLO ANNIE
A Ballad

Aeolian McRee

Fair Annie sat within the dark
A' sewing silken seams;
No thread nor thimble could she see,
Her soul was drunk with dreams.

She dreamed of love, her bonny Willie,
At home within his bower.
She could not hear her schoolmates' yells
A'sounding from the shower.

Her cherry cheeks were wet with tears,
The bonny clock struck three,
Oh well, oh woe, a cloud of dust,
Who could the caller be?

Oh happy heart that lives again!
The man that she adored,
The gallant Willie, comes to her
Astride a "T"-model Ford.

She could not hear her true love's steps
Nor see his stalwart shape,
For gallant knight had shed his boots
And climbed the fire escape.

At last he reached his lassie's side
And gave her kisses three
"Oh well, oh woe, where shall we go?
My darling, we must flee."

They jumped upon their ferny Ford
But ere the hour was late,
Lo, the watchman heard their flight
And stopped them at the gate.

September, 1934

Ah! what disgrace! ye fairest maid
Came back into her cell.
She would be shipped from school at dawn;
Her mother they would tell.

She rouged her lips, let down her hair,
Resolved to take her life,
Then reached into her stocking-roll
To get her wee pen-knife.

Her blude ran red, her body lay
Cold as a sardine can.
Her dying words the room-mate heard,
"I died for the cause of a man."

HORIZONS

I have never rambled the echoing ruins
Of which historians tell us,
Nor felt the spray of the salty sea
That silters the sands of Hellas.

I know not the touch of hot desert sand,
Nor the tread of the green jungle floor;
God did not plan I see tropical land
Nor quake at the panther's roar.

Never have I seen the heather of England,
Or frolicked on Irish green.
I have never been charmed by a Spanish dance
Or witnessed a Paris street scene.

Mine is a narrow horizon: a calm creek is my sea,
My panther's a purring housecat, my palm's a kind oak tree.
A book is my means of conveyance, a magic carpet for me.

—Reba Kilpatrick

COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS

Octavia Collins

When a college girl goes into another girl's room for the first time, probably the first thing to catch her eyes is the quantity and quality of collected likenesses of "beau-lovers." A girl is expected to have them cluttered here and there on every available space—space very probably meant to provide an occasional resting place for her weapons of study while she snatches a few moments of rest between her hours of work. A girl is also supposed to have a delightful frame of smiling masculine faces stuck around the mirror at every conceivable angle.

The next step in the chronological progress of a college friendship is a discussion of the mail from the males. At the post office you can often hear this typical observation from a student clutching anywhere from four to six letters in her hand, "Phooie! I never get any mail any more; I am going to stop coming to this P. O." Shades of Greta Garbo! Would she be satisfied with a truck load of mail? After the whirlpool of humanity at the post office has subsided somewhat and receded to the various "dorm" rooms, the mail is read. The wise girl will always save one small part of the letter under discussion and say casually that she would just rather you wouldn't read that. I've always had a sneaking idea that the part concealed was probably the part telling of the cold weather or of the general health and happiness of the family.

Often letters contain slight reminiscences of good times, and these always bring forth pleas of "Oh, tell us all about it." Then there is a general stir and bustle until numerous arms and legs are draped comfortably over the furniture. When everyone is settled or, I should say, sprawled to her satisfaction, all eyes turn to the narrator. The forth-coming tale will almost invariably bring a sparkle to every eye, a giggle to every lip, and a flutter to every heart.

These discussions, centered around the all-important male, and an abundance of pictures, received in touchingly romantic situations, often cement a friendship as firmly as if lime and mortar were used.

September, 1934

WHEN THE DEAN'S LAST LECTURE IS ENDED
(A Parody)

When the dean's last lecture is ended
And the classroom is empty and dead,
When the longest notebook is finished
And the briefest requiem said,
We shall pack—all praise be to Allah!
Go forth—our worries all o'er,
'Till the clarion call of September
Shall renew all our anguish once more.

And they who did study shall pass;
They shall buy new books and supplies
They shall groan, and despair, and grow haggard
With exams that are sprung by surprise.
They shall listen in awe to a lecture
Which soars 'way over their head,
They shall work all night on a lesson
And not know a thing that is said.

And only the brilliant shall score
And all of the helpless shall fail
And no one shall make a straight "A"
And fame shall in no wise prevail,
But each shall give thanks to his Maker
For seeing him through it alive
And leaving a semblance of knowledge
'Till the next school year shall arrive!

—Anise Johnson

AT DAWN

At dawn
I see a thousand
Tiny parachutes hung upside down
Jewelled with trembling dewdrops in the sun—
Spider webs.

—Dinkey Sankey

LET'S GO HOME!

Ella Mae Hargrave

I suddenly became industrious last week and decided to begin packing early so I wouldn't have **that** to worry about during exams. First I packed all the old books I hadn't used all semester, but I was soon to regret it for the very next day all the "profs" who had ignored the books all semester decided to assign lessons in them. I buried all my old themes in the bottom of the trunk, only to find that one of them was being considered for the Tower, so I delved down among layers upon layers of neatly packed articles, which somehow failed to fit back in the same space, to retrieve the needed paper. I packed all my winter dresses, so naturally it turned cold that night and I had to draft the wrinkled dresses into service again. After many such incidents I finally came to the conclusion that it would save both time and energy to wait until exams were **over** to start packing.

I fully intended to throw away lots of the "junk' 'that had somehow accumulated in various drawers, but when I actually came to the point, I was reluctant to part with it. I debated whether to save my history notes or not and the decision was: "I'll keep them—I **might** need them later." I tucked old letters and magazines in odd corners because I **might** read them again and saved programs and call slips because I **might** make a scrapbook next summer.

To my dismay, I saw that the trunk was practically filled with odds and ends and I still had all my clothes to pack. After hours of straining and pulling to make both ends of the resisting trunk meet, I finally admitted defeat and walked wearily down to Dawson's where I asked for a large box that would hold the left-over articles, but alas—before I left I had bought the largest table lamp in the store, which only added to my worries—!

September, 1934

SONNET

How furrowed is the earth; how seamed
From tasks and time. The epigraph of age,
And man's achievements written on its acreage—
A huge and horny palm that life has reamed,
The fruit we've gathered. No satiety dreamed
Amid our plundering of the earth. No selvedge
Left to bloom. Our hand works only ravage,
Ceasing not till everything is gleaned.

The earth has yielded till it will yield no more,
But there are others due inheritance
As rich and full as ours. For them the palm
Will take our fruit to crumble, as before,
To dust what we brought forth. But defiance
We have won. One furrowed seam is ours for balm.

—Marjorie Walton

SONNET

There Death, a velvet curtain looms before
As we stand frightened, on the sheltered side,
Uncertain, hesitating all the more
As nearer rolls the ever-darkening tide.
The dark draped velvet in itself could not
Nurture in our hearts this fear and dread.
It's what's the other side—our coming lot—
Which makes us quake at joining with the dead.
When we step through that curtain, shall we be
Smiling goodbye as an aged actor sings
His swansong—end our act in eternity
And stumble back to oblivion in the wings?
Or is this backstage where we're waiting now?
Will the curtain call be to footlights—and a bow?

—Dinkey Sankey

Table of Contents

One Tree Within a Field—*Aeolian McRee* 1

A Poem—*Dinkey Sankey* 2

Forward, March—*Dinkey Sankey* 2

Wistaria—*Elizabeth Griswold* 2

Dust—*Aeolian McRee* 2

Flumbie Fumblewopper—*Dinkey Sankey* 3

Still Summer's Night—*Reba Kilpatrick* 5

Cinquain—*Anise Johnson* 5

Bobby Goes to Fairyland—*Anise Johnson* 6

Tony—*Helen Austin* 8

Useful Maxim—*Elizabeth Griswold* 9

Gipsy Sale—*Marjorie Walton* 10

March—*Octavia Collins* 10

Two Cinquains—*Anise Johnson* 10

Montevallo Annie—*Aeolian McRee* 11

Horizons—*Reba Kilpatrick* 12

College Friendships—*Octavia Collins* 13

When the Dean's Last Lecture Is Ended—*Anise Johnson* 14

Let's Go Home—*Ella Mae Hargrave* 15

Sonnet—*Dinkey Sankey* 16

Sonnet—*Marjorie Walton* 16